UNITY

" HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

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IN MEN WHOM MEN CONDEMN

In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two, where God has not.

—*Joaquin Miller.*

The Reciprocity defeat in Canada again shows how slow is the growth of brotherhood, though the ballot in Canada was evidently not so much against reciprocity as against the bogey of annexation. Brotherhood grows slowly but surely. In the fullness of time the citizens of Canada as well as the citizens of the United States will realize their mutual interest, their family relation, and rejoice in the free exchange of commodity, knowing that the over-plus in one place will be met by need in the other. Let the good fight go on.

The newspapers make the encouraging announcement that the "Lorimer League" in Illinois, which has had the impudence to assume the high name of "Lincoln League," proposes to put a "full ticket" throughout the entire state into the field this coming election. The cause of pure politics could not be better served. If the Republican Party in the State of Illinois will but venture to insult the honest voters in this great State with a ticket that is acceptable to Lorimer and his crowd, it will afford the voter the best chance possible to resent the indignity and to relegate such politics and such politicians to the "junk heap," where they belong.

The ever valiant, vigilant and faithful pastor of the Lexington Avenue Baptist Church in Chicago, Rev. M. P. Boynton, is waging a persistent war at the present time against the big hat in his Sunday audiences. He has secured the active co-operation of the Women's Guild of his church; they have joined him in a request that the obstructing hat be removed during the service; but in this case, at least, women seem to be disposed, according to the newspapers, to defy the authorities, and they persist in wearing the hats that obstruct the view and distract the minds of the worshipers. In the weekly calendar that was distributed last Sunday, appears this note:

One would not expect to keep an umbrella raised in a house of worship, but some hats are almost as large, and quite as great an obstruction to those seated behind them.

The Temperance situation in Maine is still uncertain, but the conclusion of the whole matter would seem to be that in these fifty years Maine has ceased to be essentially rural, and has become urban. The city population in Maine, as elsewhere, is composed so largely of the foreign element and unenlightened laborers that the logic of the beer-mug still obtains, or, what is worse, the corruptive influences of the brewers are still potent. The only argument that has held in the estimation of sober people in Maine against State-wide prohibition has been the often reiterated claim that it does not work. The non-enforcement of the law on the part of city administration is a two-edged sword. It may not argue so much against the wisdom of the law as it does for the stupidity or cupidity of officials. However the vote may be decided in the last test, the old issue remains, and the onward move of temperance is inevitable. The saloon in Maine will be as pernicious as it is in Minnesota. Drunkenness is as deplorable in the East as it is in the West, and the verdict of science and religion, economy and good statesmanship, is against the American saloon. It is a long battle, but there can be no doubt as to how it will ultimately be settled in the growing light of civilization.

Dr. Wiley, the recently vindicated chemist of the Agricultural Department of Washington, has put his finger on one of the causes of the high cost of living, namely, the needless number of middlemen that stand between the producer and the consumer, ach of whom must of necessity get a livelihood. In illustration he speaks of the meat, which is the standard need for the poor consumer. It passes through at least five middlemen's hands, the small broker who buys the cattle in the country, the large broker who buys it of him in the city, the butcher who buys of the broker, the wholesaler who buys of the butcher, and the retailer who buys of the wholesaler. All of these men must have a living; some of them, as we know, live exceedingly well. In the passage of the steer from the field to the mechanic's dinner-pail, it has made some men enormously rich, and in the process some men are kept

unduly poor. These poor men are at one or both ends of the line, the starting point or the stopping point of the steer. It needs a large wisdom and a scheme of industrial exchange not yet perfected to increase the number of producers and reduce the number of those who are not only dependent upon the producers for their living, but who expect to exploit the producer to their benefit to the extent of millionaire fortunes, palatial residences and globe-trotting inactivities.

Dr. Charles G. Pierce, president of the National Anti-Smokers' League, of which we have made frequent note in these columns, has served the following formal official notice upon certain railroad authorities in the city of New York. Attorneys are much interested in the outcome of this notice, and it has been declared by one sagacious lawyer as leading to an action that "will be the most interesting in the annals of law." It sets one thinking on new lines that first shock and then clarify our sense of personal rights and property titles. Who owns the air and the water and the soil? And how far can individual energy, foresight or presumption claim property title? This letter reaches deeper than the problem of tobacco smoke, and beyond the confines of the city of New York. Hence we publish it:

The undersigned, referring to a former written protest against tobacco-smoking on the four rear seats of the "open" cars and of the prepayment cars, said protest having resulted in no abatement of the condition complained of, though made in the month of June, I now feel it necessary to make and I do hereby make a formal protest against smoking on any part of the cars of the line or lines or branches thereof over which you have jurisdiction. In the prepayment cars, ladies, children and gentlemen are required to pass through tobacco-fumes, and in both classes of cars the smoke is carried forward by currents of air.

I make the said protest for myself and on behalf of others preliminary to and as a basis for actions for damages. We are entitled to your protection, but, instead, we are assaulted with tobacco-smoke, discomforted by it, and affronted and harmed by those acting under and by your permission and incitement, and we shall hold you or your line or lines, or both, liable as accessory to the act. Yours very truly,

CHAS. G. PIERCE.

The honest voters in Chicago, as well as the Chicago bar, have again been caught in the toils of wily politicians. Eight new judges are to be elected in Chicago at autumn election, and instead of taking time by the forelock as the legal forces in Chicago and the independent voters ought to have done, and put a ticket in the field that would be not only non-partisan but representative of the high judicial standards of the city with its eminent law schools, they waited until the "bosses" had "got together" and, for purely political and partisan purposes, put a full ticket in the field for both parties, made up of mediocre men, so mediocre that so prominent and public-spirited a citizen as Judge Cutting, of the Probate court, had to ask in public, "Who are they, anyhow?" Now, the honest voter is in the predicament of making a belated protest which will endanger the election of the few good men that have been named, or go down in an inevitable defeat of the better men that may be named. As long as the independent voter is content to wait the action of the partisan and then do the best he can by selecting the best out of a bad lot, so long will dominant politics be below the average standard of public intelligence and integrity in the city of Chicago. Meanwhile, here is food for thought for President Taft, who so fears the judical "Recall" provision of Arizona. What if these inferior men are elected through partisan manipulation, and they should prove in the future as they have so often in the past, unworthy the high positions they occupy; then "the sober second thought" of the city might "re-call" them and put in their place more worthy candidates.

The Unitarian Temperance Society, a national organization of which the Rev. Joseph H. Crooker of Boston, is president, has purchased a special edition of one thousand copies of "On the Firing Line in the Battle for Sobriety," by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, for practically free delivery. This special edition with arractive paper covers will not replace the original edition in cloth binding put forth by the Unity Publishing Company, Chicago, and for sale at 50 cents per copy. The Boston society agrees with the publishers of the regular edition to put this special edition of one thousand copies at work at once among librarians, preachers, teachers, Sunday-school superintendents and others who will keep the book in use among their friends as far as the thosuand copies may go. Perhaps other temperance societies or individuals may follow the example of the Unitarian Society of America and be moved to correspond with the publishers, with a view of other special editions. The estimation and purpose of this society concerning this book may be no better set forth than in the leaflet issued by the President, entitled, "A Word to Friends of Temperance."

This little book seems to the Executive Board of the Unitarian Temperance Society one of the very best popular hand books that exists, so simple, so direct, so human, so sober, so full of facts that captivate and convince, equally interesting to old and young, helpful to the advocate of total abstinence, which today is the only rational interpretation of temperance, and also persuasive with the indifferent and the indulgent.

It ought to be in every library, large and small. Parents and teachers can do no better than to keep a copy in circulation among the young. Preachers will find helpful material here for sermons. No better program for a special temperance service in Sunday-schools or for young people's religious societies could be provided than readings from its pages. Mothers will do well to keep a copy on the table in the living room of the home. It is itself a "flankng column" (to borrow one of its strking phrases) of great power in the mighty army that is sweeping on to certain victory for temperance, which means the betterment of human life. May it go far and wide, inspiring and blessing mankind.

The Pastor of a young Mission movement in Ohio sends this word of greeting to his parishioners, a word which has more than local application, and so we print in in UNITY.

Dear Friend:

I wonder if you ever thought of this definition of a church? I never saw it put exactly this way before. It has given a richer meaning to me and I want you to share with me its inspiration.

"What, then, is a Church? 'It is not a place where we go to be swayed by some eloquent presentation of some ideal, but a place where men and women, feeling the force of some great truths into which they are pouring their life's conviction, go to meet others feeling the same truths, having the same conviction, desiring in the act of worship to strengthen their brethren and to strengthen themselves. In other words, in the richest, fullest sense of the term, 'The Church is a Brotherhood,' and it is in the strengthening of these ties of brotherhood we gather inspiration to put our life-blood into our ideals."

But don't you see what this means? It means you do not come to church merely because you feel it is your duty. It means that you are ruled by a higher motive than inclination or convenience. It means you feel the bond of brotherhood, and you go not merely for your own sake but for the sake of the brethren. Would it not make all the difference in the world if our church relations were ruled by the motto, "For the brethren's sake?" The spirit of brotherhood may not always be there. We may be unbrotherly ourselves at times. Alas, even the minister may be unbrotherly also at times, for very fortunately he's human, "just as the rest o' folks."

Are we not brethren bound together by the power of an idea? No matter what our degree of interest in the church may be, does it not exist because somehow in some degree we believe in the movement and cause it represents? This church is founded upon the conviction that "Truth alone is authority, and not authority the truth." We believe in the "religion of the spirit as distinguished from the religion of authority." It is built not upon loyalty to any person but upon loyalty to an idea, and it will only do its work in this city in so far as those who hold this idea put into it that which they value most, that is—themselves. But with the spirit of "brotherhood" the loyalty to the idea will come all the easier, and it will be a joy to share with them the privilege of giving ourselves to the achievement of the common ideal.

Now will you forgive me if I put a personal note into this message? I never felt more keenly than I do at this present moment the responsibility of the work of this church. I believe heart and soul in the idea for which it stands. It belongs to us all, it is "our" cause. The Sunday morning service is our golden hour together when as "one of the brethren" "we gather in the spirit of Jesus, for the worship of God and the service of Man."

What Is Liberalism Going To Do?

The age in which we live is unique, among all the epochs of human history, in the clearness of its apprehension of the ills of the life that is now and here, in the accuracy and scope of its knowledge of the remedies for these ills, and in the singleness of its purposes to apply these remedies with rigor. No longer are cataclysms and convulsions, pestilences and famines, poverty and exhausting labor, wars and rumors of wars, interpreted as evils inflicted upon humanity by the chastening will of God, and therefore to be endured with patience and humility. No longer are the joys of a future life reckoned as adequate compensation for the agonies of a present existence. Slowly has it dawned upon the human mind that evils of all kinds are to be regarded as violations and not as consequents of the divine will, that they are preventable and curable through discovery of natural laws and obedience to natural processes, and that this world, therefore, can be rid of suffering, and human life made joyful and not sorrowful, beautiful and not ugly.

With this new attitude has come a new spirit into the heart of man. Unwilling to suffer and be still, he is rising up to smite the evils that beset him. Dissatisfied merely to endure, he is seeking, in laboratory and hospital, in settlement-house and college, through scientific foundations, schools of original research and committees of inquiry, the causes of ill and the remedies for its abolition. Impatient of all promises of future blessedness as reward for submission to present distress, he is determined to be happy here, and to enter heaven now instead of later. For the first time, the full meaning of Christ's vision of the Kingdom of God upon earth is understood, and the possibility of its immediate realization accepted. Everywhere are we made to behold the determination of great masses of men, trained and untrained, ignorant and educated, rich and poor, to "seek a newer world," and everywhere do we see the astounding success of their heroic quests. Earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, floods and cyclones, are yielding their secrets to scientific observations, and thus, like the sea, surrendering their terrors. Famine has been exiled, with cannibalism and human sacrifice, to the limbo of dead torments, through speed of international communication and exchange, the discovery of new methods of intensive agriculture, the irrigation of desert wastes, and the manufacture in vast quantity of condensed and preserved foods. Disease is losing its horrors before the advances of scientific medicine. Poverty, seen today to be "like tuberculosis, preventable and curable," will tomorrow be banished from the homes and haunts of men, by the establishment of economic freedom, the extension of industrial opportunity, the regulation of inequalities of wealth, and the curbing of the tyranny of private ownership. The child-laborer is being rescued from the factory and mine, and sent to school and playground; the woman-laborer is being guarded from physicial exhaustion and moral ruin; and the man laborer is being guaranteed short hours, living wages, and decent condition of toil,—all through the progressive intervention of organized government in behalf o "the common welfare." Wars are being abolished and rumors of wars stilled, through the active statesmanship of courtesy, honesty, and good will, and the growing recognition of the kinship of nations and the essential brotherhood of man. The slough of politics is being cleansed, and the machinery of democracy simplified and extended. The horrors of congestion are being ameliorated by legislation and city planning. Infant mortality is being reduced, old age sheltered, and the general death-rate lowered. The liquor traffic is being conquered, and the social evil

traced to its hideous sources. Everywhere is the vision of "a newer world" being seen, everywhere are institutions being planted for light and leading, everywhere are gallant youths and pure maidens seeking the Holy Grail, everywhere are men and women devoting their all to the cause of Christ, and, as his latter-day disciples, seeking the establishment of his Kingdom on the earth. We must be saved in this world or not at all,—heaven must be found here or nowhere,—the hour of our redemption is now or no-when! This is the new message of the new age, and this the secret of the ferment of the modern world.

Now in all this seeking for "a newer world," we see the sure, even though unconfessed and perhaps unrecognized, triumph of the gospel of religious liberalism. Orthodoxy, to be sure, has never been blind to the presence of evil in the world; but always and everywhere has it accepted this evil as the penalty visited by a just God upon a sinful humanity. As a result, it has asserted that evil is not to be overcome but simply endured; and has even gone so far as to declare that any endeavor upon the part of man to eradicate the ills of life, or even to soften their pain, was impiety of the worst description. Thus, when anaesthesia was discovered, a consistant orthodoxy resisted its application to women in the agonies of child-birth, on the ground that these agonies were inflicted upon all women through all time in punishment of the sin of Eve! The world, therefore, with all its horrors, must be left absolutely unchanged; and men must be content to look to the next life for happiness which is denied them in this. Under these circumstances, the church has, of course, become a saving and not a reforming agency. It has devoted itself to finding ways and means of insuring to men, amid the ills of this present world, the compensating joys of the world beyond. Sacraments and sacrifices, creeds and rituals, convictions and conversions,—innumerable are the talismans offered by the church for securing entrance into heaven! And the result, so far as practical religion is concerned, has always been the same,—to put theology in the place of life, worship and belief in the place of experience, magic formulae of salvation in the place of moral principles and spiritual ideals, the life to come in the place of the life that is now and here!

Against all these theories and practices of Orthodoxy, Liberalism, in all its forms, has always borne consistent and persistent witness. It has contended that the evils of this present world are not decrees of God to be endured, but errors or sins of man to be overcome. It was asserted that this life was good, if man but understood and was obedient to his understanding. It has declared that happiness could be found here, through simple conformity to the loving will of God, and heaven could, therefore, be a present reality as well as a future expectation. Always has Liberalism emphasized deeds rather than creeds, exalted living rather than believing, and commanded the "doing of the will" rather than the saying of the word. Led by its spirit of freedom and its ideal of truth, and dedicated to its practical aims of the worship of God and the service of man, it has preached for generations the very crusade for a "newer world" which is now so far advanced; and, therefore, in the marvellous achievements of the day, beholds the fulfillment of its own especial gospel.

At this very instant of its triumph, however, we suddenly see Liberalism, in all of its branches, hanging back, as it has hung back at similar crises before. Overwhelmed by the revolutionary possibilities of its own message, it stands frighted and appalled at the cataclysmic influence of this message upon the modern mind. Unwittingly, like the fisherman in the "Arabian Nights," Liberalism has unloosed a monster of terrific mien, which it now would feign recall. More and more evident is it becoming every day, that the gospel of the Kingdom means "a newer world" in a completer sense than was ever intended by its prophets; and that it is destined forthwith to destroy barriers of class and level citadels of privilege which they gladly shelter from destruction. In other words, just as consistent Orthodoxy meant a world unchanged, so consistent Liberalism means a world transformed! And the question, therefore, confronting the Liberal religious forces of our day is none other than that of the "courage of conviction!" Will the Liberals rise to the glory of their opportunity? Will they reap the harvest of their own sowing? Will they lead in the doing of the work, as they have always led in the speaking of the word? Will they be brave enough and unselfish enough to carry their gospel *through*, regardless of the cost to their own personal fortunes? Will they see brotherhood established and justice done, even though they now see these ideals to involve consequences of revolutionary social change never dreamed of before? Signs multiply that religious leadership in the new field of sociological endeavor is passing into other hands, and Liberalism becoming a mere body of helpless and hopless reaction. But it is not yet too late for it to redeem itself. Still is the van unoccupied, and still does the world await the coming of a church which shall be unfalteringly pledged to the perfect mission of the Master. From the standpoint of mere tradition, Liberalism is ready, as no other church in Christendom is ready, to lead the new movement of the age, and build that new church, which shall at once embody and sanctify the spirit of the time. All that is now needed is courage, vision, consecration. Can it be possible that these have wholly disappeared before the fears of worldly chance and change?

New York City. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

THE PULPIT

A Large People in a Small Land

SERMON PREACHED SEPT. 17, 1911, IN UNITY CHURCH, HUMBOLDT, IOWA, BY REV. HENRY H. BURCH.

"Point out for you Mount Hor." Numbers XXXVII:7.

I trust the fact that this talk concerns a little land, whose breadth is but fifty miles and whose length is but 150 miles, and that this land is ancient ground will not lessen your appreciation or make it seem time wasted. There may be something of sentiment in it all, but sentiment has always had a large place in every good man's life. The sentiment that attaches to old places and customs has made history thrill with a deep significance to every earnest reader, and no thoughtful man can pass with unbowed head those places that have been made sacred by the names of great men or the accomplishment of great deeds.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, who would scarcely be accused of too much sentiment said, "Far be it from me or from my friends to hold so frigid a philosophy as may conduct us unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery or virtue. That man is to be little envied whose patriotism would gain no force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

Indeed, what jurist could stand unmoved in the courts or gardens of Gray's Inns or the Middle Chambers; what soldier stands without emotion on the field of Waterloo or Agincourt, or what scholar pass without feeling beneath the shadowed gates of Oxford or Cambridge?

So I am going to ask you to forget that you are a cold utilitarian or a sober materialist, or an emotionless logician, if that's what you are, and ask you with the warm fires of human feeling aflame within your life to stand with me in the midst of a little ruined country, through whose valleys and broken cities have passed the successive armies of the conquering hosts of Assyria, Persia, Babylon, Greece and Rome, and yet out of whose ashes, phoenix-like, arises the soul of a vital passion, the tradition of a religious instinct, the fragrance of a forgotten prayer, the echo of an undying song, and, withal, the ideal of a world statesmanship that can never die.

If you can look without emotion upon the broken cities of the land of the Jews, and can smile over the thorn-robed ruins of their temples of prayer, let me remind you that no less a man than William Wordsworth said of the passing of the Republic of Venice,

> Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
> Of that which once was great has passed away.

And yet it is not sentiment alone that makes a consideration of the little kingdom of the Jews of value to thoughtful men. I call your attention to the text we have chosen, that in it you may see a fundamental principle in the development of either a strong race life or a dignified individual life. "Point out for you Mount Hor," said the inspired voice, and immediately the thought of possession takes hold of us. And why not? When the wandering clans from Egypt, these broken little families of embryo men coming up from slavery, with their hands but recently freed from the mud-troughs of old brick-yards, their lives still scarred by the lash of the task-master's whip, began dreaming the dream of self-government, they needed the fundamental impetus to all morality and all good government, that of possession of property. They needed to be born to the thought that some part of the earth was theirs. They needed to choose, out of all the mountains of the earth, some mountain and say, "This is ours," out of all the seas and say, "This sea is ours." That is the bottom stratum of all moral sensibility, for no sooner does a man or race say "This is mine," than does he concede the right of property to others. If this is mine it necessarily follows that something else is not mine. Out of this rises the principle of property rights, and so begins the life of the neighborhood, and of the republic. And so we see this little race of men coming up to the place where they say, "This is our mountain," and they say God told them to say it. Let them have it so, don't quarrel with them, maybe he did tell them so. That's not the point. The point is, they are growing and need a mountain or two to measure themselves by. They have passed whole ranges of mountains coming thus far, but have claimed none, but they have come to the point of growth where nations are born. It is where all systems of good morality and true political economy are born, and now they are reaching their hands toward the white hills of Hermon and saying, "Give us these, they are ours."

That man who has never said of any kind of property, "This is mine," has never come to a keen appreciation of property rights. He is not likely to be a good citizen. By the very nature of things, men who have some property are likely to be the best citizens. Of course that does not carry that they should own the world. The Jews were a great people, but they lived in a little land. Their highest mountain was ten thousand feet, while Pike's Peak is 14,000 feet and there is one in India 28,000 feet high, but they did not need the highest mountain in the world. They needed only a moderately little mountain that they could call theirs. You see the beginning of it. I guess it was God that said to them, "Pick you out a mountain." He was beginning to develop within them the sense of ownership, and with it the sense of neighborhood responsibility.

Without placing a premium upon selfishness or greed, I want to emphasize the fact that social responsibility depends upon the sense of possession. When the thriteen struggling colonies of America put their hands out on the coast line of the Atlantic and over the mountains of Virginia and said "These are ours," England saw a new nation of men being born. And poor little Ireland, with her heart cry of hunger for something to call her own, has turned British history into tragedy, and made cheap comedy of what should have been the royalest drama of all world-power. Ireland's best music is the song of the broken-hearted, and her eloquence has for its climax a sob. With poor hands she rakes among the embers of the peat bogs asking England only to give her these to call her own. A little rock-bound coast, a piece of heather and her native bogs, is all she asks. It doesn't take a big country to grow big men. Greece, with her little peninsula, her islands scattered about her threshold sea as though hesitating to which continent they belong, is prominent for its little territory and for its big men. And just beyond is Russia, with her boundless domain. Can Russia whip Greece? not if the guns are loaded with ideas instead of bullets, and the forts manned with men instead of slaves.

Weigh the two nations. In the one balance throw

Russia, with all of Siberia and the Siberian prisons, St. Petersburg and her glittering palaces, and Moscow with her doubtful glory; that is Russia. Now put Greece in the other balance, not all of Greece, just one torn and yellow manuscript, of one of her ancient blind men. Homer's work alone in its real value to the world outweighs the Siberian prisons and the arms of a hundred thousand Cossacks, but Greece had a land of her own.

Little Holland, beating off Spain with one hand and the sea with the other, is asking but one boon, that she might have a little flat place to put her wooden shoe upon, and say "This is mine."

The God of nations gave the Jews a little land they could call their own. How small it was, fifty miles wide, one hundred and fifty miles long. Her rivers were brooks, her mountains were hills, her seas were lakes and lagoons, her high-ways were foot-paths, her cities were fair sized villages, but what of her men?

At this question the average Anglo-Saxon needs to pause. We are very likely to judge a man by his territory, a nation by the wide places between her seas. And today we remember that the Jew wanders sad-faced over the world without a home, meeting the jibes and sneers of the so-called superior races (of course a superior race won't sneer any more than a superior man will). Truly, their harps are on the willows of all the rivers of all the world. Their possible priests are sellers of cheap jewelry and ill-fitting clothes; their possible prophets are busy driving hard bargains with wholesale fruit-merchants; foot-sore and weary they wander from St. Petersburg to the Levant, from the Levant to England. They are cursed and beaten in Christian Wales, robbed and scourged in London, and still they lie down at night by the side of the road to sleep from sheer exhaustion and dream of far off Moriah and the flower strewn plains of Sharon and of a coming day when once more they can say, "This is our land." We Americans are apt to say that the Jew was a failure as a race. Their land was too little. Had they had broader acres they might have raised corn and cotton and cattle. And corn and cattle constitute the pride of the average American.

Well, if this wandering race of little tired men should come to your fair and say, "Let us bring in our cattle," you would smile at their flocks of goats from Dothan. But let us not forget that if they did not raise good cattle they did raise tall prophets whose heads are seen yet today above the tall chimneys and sharp spires of the modern city. To your fair the Jew may not be able to bring the choicest grapes, but if you ask for kings, he can enter one who outmeasures them all. After all, it was a wonderful race of men who grew up in this little hill country. The premium was on manhood rather than wealth. Their idealists, sandal shod, are still walking from their desert homes into the foremost governments of the world. It is true the Jew had little architectural skill, he was in no sense an artist, as an inventor he would provoke the mirth of the least Yankee in all the world, but when you ask him what in all honor he has produced that gives him a right to memory, he may put your conceit to the blush by pointing to the Christ, saying, "We have produced men, show us the men you make."

The Hebrews as an independent people had been dead 2,500 years when I was born, yet the very year I was born there was a man by the name of Castelar leading the revolution of the Republicans in Spain. and he was a Jew. There was another republican leader in France by the name of Gambetta, and he, too, was a Jew. The Premier and practical sovereign of all Britain was a Jew—D'Israeli. And when he was once taunted with the fact in Parliament, he made quick reply, "Yes, I am a Jew, but let me remind the honorable gentleman that when his ancestors were savages on the banks of the Thames, mine were princes in the temples of King Solomon." Is it startling that the majority of the professorial chairs of Germany are occupied at this present time by Jews, and that out of 370 authors of Austria when Stoddard visited the country, 325 were Jews? In music may we not well erect an altar of sweet concord to the names of Mendelssohn and Rubenstein, in modern philosophy an altar of fine thought to Spinoza, and in finance may we not remember that the one house of the Rothschilds can dictate the policy of nations? Do we love drama? there is the name of Sarah Bernhardt. How the fragments of this little broken race have been crowded into all the governments of the world. And while her conqueror Babylon sleeps in the royal slumber rooms of the great forgotten, this little beggar race stands in her fine manhood to reprove us Christian people with verse born of our own hurting conscience,

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

And yet her face is toward the sacred hill and her ravished city. Through the call of her strong souled men she feels the new impulse to own her land again, and who of us shall say today, "We are Christians, but do not wish you well, O broken race of kingly men?"

> "Roll, golden sun, roll swiftly toward the west,
> Dawn, happy day, when many woes shall cease,
> Come quickly, Lord, thy people wait the rest of thine abiding peace,
> No more, nor more to wander here below, or thirst for blessings long denied.
> Judah, thy face is foul with weeping, but above, thou shalt be satisfied."

GIVE THEM A PLACE TO PLAY

Plenty of room for dives and dens (glitter and glare and sin),
Plenty of room for prison-pens (gather the criminals in),
Plenty of room for jails and courts (willing enough to pay),
But never a place for the lads to race; no, never a place to play!
Plenty of room for shops and stores (mammon must have the best),
Plenty of room for the running sores that rot in the city's breast!
Plenty of room for the lures that lead the hearts of our youth astray,
But never a cent on a playground spent; no, never a place to play!
Plenty of room for schools and halls, plenty of room for art;
Plenty of room for teas and balls, platform, stage and mart.
Proud is the city—she finds a place for many a fad today,
But she's more than blind if she fails to find a place for the boys to play!
Give them a chance for innocent sport, give them a chance for fun—
Better a playground-plot than a court and a jail when the harm is done!
Give them a chance—if you stint them now, tomorrow you'll have to pay
A larger bill for a darker ill, so give them a place to play!

—*Denis A. McCarthy, in The Journal of Education.*

The Bible, Theology and Religion

In a recent issue of the *Biblical World* may be found the following interesting and suggestive declaration:

> We have changed, we must change, many of the beliefs that were once held respecting the way in which the world came to be, the origin of the race, the development of the Old Testament religion, the authority of Prophets and Apostles.

To those who see clearly that religion is not dependent upon any book or a particular interpretation thereof, such utterances and the facts they indicate, constitute no occasion whatever for worry. There are, however, many people who do not see that fact clearly, and to them a change of belief about the Bible or a system of theology seems like destroying the foundations of religion itself.

Out of a sad experience, growing out of my ignorance of the fact that religion is founded in human nature itself, I know something of the anxiety, pain and sorrow through which many people, feeling that the old doctrines in which they have been schooled are no longer tenable, are now passing. The hope that I may be of some real service to them in a time of need prompts me to write of my own struggle with doubts and fears, and the result.

I was taught, and for many years believed, that the Bible is an infallible book. When I first discovered that there are statements in it so at variance with each other that I could not reconcile them and make them seem to me parts of one harmonious, self-consistent record, I felt that the very foundations of all religion were crumbling beneath me. Vivid memory of the anxious days and sleepless nights that followed begets within me now a large measure of sympathy for those who may be traveling the same difficult and painful road. If I can only help them to a firm and satisfying standing-ground, such as I have found for myself, I shall be happy indeed and fully compensated for any effort I may put forth.

Although I felt that the foundations of all religion were crumbling beneath me when I was compelled to give up the Bible as an infallible book, and that much which I had held dear and sacred was destined to fall into a heap of ruins, I could not dismiss the subject. Day and night it was with me, and the questions, "Whence am I? What are my relations to the Power that produced and sustains me? and What is my destiny?" persisted in coming up and clamoring for an answer. I do not believe it possible for man to cut loose from and ignore such questions, and because he cannot cut loose and ignore them religion always has been and is "the most important fact in history." I knew not in those troubulous days in what form it existed, but I felt sure that there must be "Balm in Gilead," that there must be a "Physician there," and so I persisted in my sad search for light and peace. In that search I took up and began studying the great religions of the world and the constitution of man. As I pursued my studies in those fields I became convinced that, instead of being the product of a book which preceded it and was essential to it, as I had been taught, religion is the primary fact and that the sacred books of the world are the product of the religious nature of humanity, influenced everywhere and always by the loving, over-brooding spirit of God. Immediately upon reaching that conclusion light began to break in upon me. At once, instead of trying to account for religion and a partial hope as the product of the Bible, I began studying the Bible and other sacred literatures in the light of universal religious sentiment and universal hope. Ere long I discovered, to my great joy, that here is a foundation for individual religious faith that is as broad as the religious experiences of humanity upon the one hand and an infinite, ever-wooing love upon the other, and as permanent as the nature of man and the love of God.

On the theory that nothing can be evolved except what is involved, in order to account for the existence of sentience and self consciousness in man, I was compelled to grant a sentient, self-conscious universe. At that point I found myself standing face to face with God, not as a being localized in space, "Remote from the world, and acting upon it only by means of occasional portent and prodigy," but "as immanent in the universe and eternally operating through natural laws." Since then scientific and literary criticism and the comparative study of religion, though modifying from time to time my views, have never disturbed me. The foundation of my religious faith was no longer a book that might be shown to be somewhat inconsistent with itself, nor a particular theory handed down from ancient times, but God, immanent in the universe, and the nature of man, who, just as naturally as a little child puts out its hand to an earthly parent, ever reaches out and up to to the Father of us all. Seeing this to be true, I realized that the passing of an old system of thought did not necessarily mean the decay of religion, but that it might, and often did, mean the rise of a new and nobler system of thought and the possession of more abundant light and life.

Standing with bleeding hands and begrimed and tear-stained faces upon the flame-swept region where once their homes had stood, the people of a destroyed city exclaimed, in their haste and despair, "All is lost." But the real foundations of their homes and business houses had not been laid in the parched earth of that flame-swept district, but deep in the affections and domestic instincts of their own hearts. Those affections and instincts in time asserted themselves, and in response to them grander homes and business houses than those people had ever before known sprang up on what seemed to them, after the fire, arid waste. Thus it is with religion. Its foundations are laid deep in human nature. If all sacred books were destroyed and all remembrance of present-day theologies blotted out, thirst for the living God, which is a part of human nature, and the ceaseless wooing of infinite love would beget other theologies, other ceremonials and other sacred books. Religion cannot be destroyed by showing that a book is not exactly what many people have thought it to be, because religion existed before the book and produced it, and religion will remain and produce other books, should those we now have prove inadequate or be destroyed.

The Bible, product of the religious nature of man and the over-brooding spirit of God, is a most valuable and helpful book, but not necessarily infallible or final in all its parts. Revelation is universal and progressive, and the worship of God as immanent in the universe will yet resolve all countries into real Holy Lands. Then, filled with the spirit of our good Quaker poet's song, humanity will sing with joy and assurance:

> Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
> For olden time and holier shore:
> God's love and blessing, then and there,
> Are now and here and everywhere.

Marietta, Ohio, July 15, 1911. E. A. COIL.

The Morally and Intellectually Incapable

My thesis is that moral and physical incapability are usually connected with intellectual incapability, a thesis eminently practical, for it shows that the wastes, poverties, miseries, disorders, diseases of humanity, are chiefly the fruit of human stupidity, blindness and ignorance. My contention is, in short, that moral and material impoverishment may be traced, in a large percentage of cases, to intellectual impoverishment, that the seven deadly sins may all be concentrated in—one,—ignorance.

Man by nature is neither good nor bad, but I believe the normal man would rather do right than wrong, if he knew what the right was; he would prefer to walk in the path of goodness, truth, and beauty if the path were pointed out to him. But he cannot of himself find the path for the mists of ignorance which enshroud him. In reply to this it is conventional to say that there is something in his own heart, his conscience, which tells man what is good and what is bad. But there are all sorts of consciences, even among those who profess Christianity. There is one sort of conscience here in America and another sort over there in Japan. One says this is virtue; the other calls it vice.

But Tolstoy, and after him many others, tell us of the virtues of the peasant, of the poor. They forget, however, the millions of peasants who live in huts and hovels, ankle-deep in unnameable filth, where even the virtues are wretched and debased. It is not denied that we may find among the poor cleanliness, simplicity, honesty, a tender, child-like and beautiful religion, but when we do, we will *always* find also a degree of intelligence, education in the real sense. My contention is not disproved, that where ignorance is there are misery, poverty and vice.

On the other hand, is not every advance of mankind marked by an advance in thought? In those early days of Greece when Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle taught and Homer sang, did not art overcome rudeness, grace succeed ugliness, and the good, the beautiful and the true become the dream of all the people? Was it not intellectual vigor that gave the crown to the Elizabethan era and the Italian Renaissance?

Nietzsche says, "The Abbe Galiani was the profoundest, acutest, and perhaps the filthiest man of his times." It may be that intellectual greatness is sometimes associated with baseness of soul, but I maintain that it is very exceptional. The men who have stood on intellectual eminences have been generally child-like, innocent, kind, religious in the truest sense. Witness Socrates, Plato, Confucius, Buddha, Jesus, Paul, Michael Angelo, Dante, Kant, Mahomet, Beethoven, Newton, Darwin, Lincoln.

The churches in their foreign missionary work no longer depend on their evangelistic message, on conversion or prayer, but on education. At the World's Missionary Conference in Edinboro' in 1910, it was decided to approach the work "with more deliberate and careful *strategy* and plan the campaign with the ripest judgment and shrewdest calculation." What was this but the confession that the people must have the widest instruction? It is maintained that Christianity, and also Buddhism teach men how to possess a valor unconquerable even in the hour of defeat, a patience under the heaviest burdens and a trust in good which grows stronger under the very indifference of nature. Yet they do not teach these truths wantonly, regardless of surrounding conditions. They seek *first* to bring about better conditions and a certain mental expansion. It is always implicit, if not expressed, that intellectual ignorance means moral ignorance.

Mrs. Anna Hand in the April *Atlantic* says, "One may be honest and capable without knowing that the genitive of *supellex* is not *supellicis* but *supellectilis*." That is true, but I thought that one who knows this, or things like this, will have a *willingness* to learn, will have the charity to see that things may be different in other circumstances.

Dr. Cabot, in his most suggestive lectures at the Meadville Theological School, girds at knowledge as an inspiration or a moral force; but at the same time tells of his father reading to him, when a child, the best passages of Emerson, patiently teaching him German, and taking him into the pine woods to instruct him in sketching. If all the children of our homes had this kind of parentage, would not personal unchastity be rare among the young?

There is the purifying power in an individual of a great affection,—for one's home, for one's country, for science, art, literature, or religion; but unless there is mental expansion, the widening of the intellectual horizon, this affection may become a selfishness, a jealousy or a superstition. There must be a certain balance or correspondence in our powers. For example, we are placed here in this age, under new conditions, new opportunities, new temptations, new duties, and we must correspondingly become more intelligent or, as Professor Cockerell said in a recent *Popular Science Monthly*, "go to smash." The world is still full of jealousies, envies, cowardices, indolences, foolish traditions, filths, diseases, poverties; but these wrongs and miseries must be exposed by dropping new and better ideas into the circles of the common people's thoughts. There is no valid reason why they should not be more healthy, happy and pure; why they should not be clothed as beautifully as the roses, and "fed as surely as the birds."

This truth, that men and women become more healthy, more moral, more beautiful, as they become more intelligent, should give us a larger charity, not only for the sins of others, but for our own sins. How many times, lying awake at night, have I shed bitter tears, lashed by the whip of memory. I do not now so bitterly accuse myself. I see I was ignorant, I was not taught in the true way. And the universe was more to blame than I was myself. There is a sense, no doubt, in which one may say, *"L' effet c'est moi."* But we must remember that usually responsibility is a divided thing, for there are the universe, ancestors, society, chance, and especially,—ignorance.

The President of Harvard in his annual baccalaureate address, urged upon the Harvard seniors the duty and importance of "right thinking," if we do not wish "the standards of business integrity to be debased." And surely it is our duty to spread knowledge, sound ideas, everywhere. There is a natural nobility, a latent tendency towards good in the human soul. But we must see that poverty, laziness, drunkenness are not crimes. Poverty is a disease; laziness is a disease; drunkenness is a disease,—the disease of ignorance. And our great enemy today in high life and low life is *Ignorance*.

Jamestown, N. Y. JAMES G. TOWNSEND, D. D.

The Cloud

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF P. YAKUBOVICH, WRITTEN WHILE THE AUTHOR WAS A POLITICAL CONVICT AT THE MINES OF AKATIN. HE HAS LATELY DIED.

Today our mine is sunk in flowers; a crowd of fettered men,
Bending once more their longing gaze toward mists that distant lie,
Into the darksome shaft crawl down, with sighs and bitter groans.
O melancholy, sad abode of toil and slavery!

Adown thy walls, all sheathed in ice, cold water drips in streams,
And on thy wet, uncertain stair oft slips and fails the foot;
And, kneeling slavishly, we smite thy hard, unfeeling breast.
And thou, proud heart of mine, thy part is to be dumb and mute!

At last I left that grave, and saw the light of day once more,
Shaking with cold, so sad and wroth that all things hateful seemed
The glow of soulless beauty, and nature's shameless joy
In face of dreadful sufferings; the fragrance fresh that streamed
Upon the air from dewy woods, awaking with the spring;
The verdure green and tender that upon the mountains gleamed.

But lo! high, high above me, in the calmest blue of morn,
By its fantastic splendor luring up the gaze on high,
A fragment bright of shining pearl, all rimmed and edged with gold,
A cloud by swift winds borne along came drifting o'er the sky;
And long-forgotten poesy sheds light into my soul,
And blossomed once again my heart, that had been dead and dry.

What brought thee to this dreary land, O beauteous guest of spring?
Thy roving nature, or a storm's caprice in angry skies?
Didst thou emerge and have thy birth from Ganges' waters clear,
Or from the dark and gloomy depths of ocean didst thou rise?
Oh, hast thou yet forgot in this grim region of the mists
Thy sunny native land, where blooms an earthly paradise?

But why grows dark thy radiant face? Why dost thou shiver chill,
And up, as if affrighted, toward the height of heaven soar?
The many-colored splendor is dying fast away,—
A moment, and the morning's wondrous vision is no more.

Is it that thou wast terrified our torments to behold,
Man's sadness and ferocity and his disgrace to see?
Or did the thought occur to thee that those same ruthless hands
Perchance would spare not even thee, the lover of the free?

Forgive these thoughts, O transient guest, O beauty of the sky!
Thanks that the dream of freedom sweet thou in my soul didst wake!
Good luck attend thy journey to that melancholy land
Where short is nature's festival, brief cheer the seasons make!

But visit on thy way, I pray, the place of my sweet spring,
Where my beloved languishes; where on the greenwood's air
The nightingale pours forth her song of happiness and love;
Where the blue Dniester sparkles and rolls its wavelets fair!

With that same wind which speeds thee on, oh, whisper to my love
That time and years are impotent to rob us of the past;
Tell her that I am true to her, and that I love her still,
While waiting till our fetters fall, for freedom's day comes fast!

TRANSLATED BY ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

THE STUDY TABLE

Dr. Bisbee and His "Angels"

EDITOR OF UNITY:

Allow me to commend to all your readers the book of European travel, *A Summer Flight* (Murray Press: 359 Boylston St., Boston) by the wise and witty editor of the *Universalist Leader*. This will be equally interesting to both those who have never crossed the ocean and those who have journeyed much in foreign lands. The stay-at-homes, by reading its pages, will acquire not only a large knowledge of distant places and peoples, but they will be so interested in these matters that an imperative passion for travel will take possession of them and compel them to cross the sea to behold the wonders so graphically described in these chapters, a careful study of which will serve as an admirable preparation for the coming trip abroad.

On the other hand, those who have recently returned from Europe will do well to get the book and read it, and so live over again the pleasant experiences of their vacation travels. Nothing could be more enjoyable, or more helpful for that matter, than to have this book read aloud in little groups of persons, both the traveled and the untraveled coming together, and being personally conducted by Dr. Bisbee; looking through his eyes, hearing the comment and laughter of his companions, facetiously called "The Angels"; and entering into the treasure-houses and gazing upon the sublime scenes of the Old World. By thus living the journey over again with Dr. Bisbee, one will not only enjoy a delightful companion, but he will fix and freshen many memories of beautiful things, and also add to his own stock of experiences, by annexing, without robbery, those of a traveler who saw more than many see, because he carried more than many do in capacity to see. The films which he carried in his brain were more numerous and more sensitive than those tucked away in common headpieces.

As all readers are aware, the *Springfield Republican*, in its literary department, gives attention to but few books. It selects for comment, criticism or commendation, only a few of the most worthy from the great flood of volumes constantly issuing from the presses of the land. The editor of that best of all newspapers in America wisely chose this work for review. At the end of an unusually long and most sympathetic description of its contents, the reviewer uses these words of high praise, but not too high: "The reader will find enjoyment and variation; old themes and scenes and ideas presented in a new way; comment on different subjects from a new viewpoint; and 'A Summer Flight' worth the time for its reading," all of which is true.

Roslindale, Boston. JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

Order is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, the security of the state. As the beams to the house, as the bones to the microcosm of man, so is order to all things.—*Southey.*

New Books from Longmans, Green & Co.

The Greenwich House Committee on Social Investigations prints as its second publication the results of an investigation by Miss Ovington on the status of the negro in New York, under the name of *Half a Man.*[1] Dr. Franz Boas, who is a member of the committee, contributes a brief foreword. He has for a long time championed the negro as the white man's equal and voices his sentiment and gives the keynote of Miss Ovington's book, when he says, "It is a refutation of the claims that the negro has equal opportunity with the whites, and that his failure to advance more rapidly than he has is due to innate inability." Whether the book really is such a refutation or not, it is an interesting statement of conditions. There is no question that the negro has not equal opportunity and his color makes demonstration of the fact particularly easy. Miss Ovington locates the negro belt in New York City and segregation necessarily involves disadvantage. She indicates the unfavorable environment into which negro children are born and in which they grow up, points out the limitations in negro employment and earning capacity, shows to what degree they achieve success, and emphasizes the problems of their relation to their municipality. Notwithstanding her sombre title, she does not paint a seriously sad picture and leaves one rather gratified at the progress made and encouraged for the future.

It is now forty-six years since Sir John Lubbock printed *Pre-historic Times,* and forty-three years since his *Origin and Civilization and the Primitive Condition of Man* appeared. They were epoch-making books and the later one particularly caused a profound sensation. There were many new and startling suggestions in it, there were new lines of thought, there were bold and original theories in it. Few books have met a more hostile reception; few have done more to arouse thought and guide investigation. During the half century, almost, that has passed since its appearance, there has been much discussion upon his assertions and claims; extended controversies have taken place and wide diversity of opinion has prevailed, does prevail, relative to his views. Three of the subjects upon which he wrote have been particularly debated—Marriage (especially in its exorganic form), Totemism (which misused term unfortunately is a cloak covering various and diverse matters), and Religion (especially as to its generality and its relation to magic). Recently these old books have been reissued, quite unchanged, and some criticism has been flung that they were not rewritten in the light of present knowledge and brought up to date. Lord Avebury's (Sir John Lubbock's) new book is an answer to critics, present and past. *Marriage, Totemism and Religion*[2] should, of course, be read in connection with the old *Origin of Civilization.* The author seems to us needlessly sensitive. In reality his book *ought* to need revision; his theories *ought* to need modification; his conclusions *ought* to need recasting. When was a pioneer treatise ever final and infallible? If Sir John Lubbock's book had been inerrant, the field would have been forever closed and there would be no need of later workers; as a matter of fact, its greatest value was the stimulus it gave to investigation. But the old man has seen fit to rally to its defense; he restates his old views, presents the attacks made upon them, cites authorities old and new to sustain himself. He hates to yield a jot or tittle. One often feels that to meet his critics new meanings are read into the old text; the argument and method are a good deal like the late well-known harmonizings of science and scripture; one doubts at times, whether he would not better have made some frank mistakes, than to be driven to forced constructions. But one lays the book down with the deepened conviction that the author is a great man.

The Swami Vivekananda's[3] name was well known to English-speaking peoples and his work has been often and variously presented. He was personally no stranger in London and New York and Chicago, and the number of English and Americans who to some degree became his disciples was not small. Among them none has been more steadfast or done more to continue his propaganda in the outside world than she who is known as Sister Nivedita. She came into contact with the master in London in 1895 and 1896; in 1898 she went to India and from then on was in close contact with him and his movement, adopted by him as his spiritual daughter, co-operating in his work for Hindu women, absorbing and giving out his thoughts and utterances. The Swami died on July 4, 1902. In Sister Nivedita's book we have the daily conversation, the doings, the pilgrimages, the formal teaching, of seven years. Arranged to some degree chronologically, the matter gives an interesting picture of the Swami's own spiritual transformation and development. Vivekananda was the favorite follower of the founder, Ramakrisna Paramahamsa. The old master lived again in the younger man, whose divine mission he recognized and honored. Of special interest are the Swami's views regarding Buddhism, Christianity, Western Culture, Siva and the worship of Mother—his final refuge. The glimpse of Sister Nivedita's own psychology is interesting. First trained in the Occident, she has shaken off much, but often she must cry, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death." The book deserves a reading from many points of view.

FREDERICK STARR.

THE PAY I ASK

The only pay I ask is just to know that work worth doing is done well;
To feel that life, a mere unmeaning chance, is so lived as to give it meaning;
To hold the respect of the good men and women who know me and my acts,
The love of some who see within me a latent power and promise;
To have the one I love still trust that all her love divines shall yet be realized;
To hear the name of "father" spoken by little ones, with reason trusting my integrity;
Mere means of livelihood that I may know these joys to right endeavor promised—
For pay like this I'll work the long day through, nor falter, nor grow faint.

Brookfield Center, Conn. LESLIE WILLIS SPRAGUE.

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1 *Half a Man*: The Status of the Negro in New York. New York: 1911. 16°. pp. ix. 236. $1.00.

2 *Marriage, Totemism and Religion*: An Answer to Critics. New York: 1911. 16°. pp. ix. 243.

3 *The Master as I Saw Him*: Pages from the Life of the Swami Vivekananda. Sister Nivedita. New York: 1910. 16°. pp. (x) 519. xxvii. 5 shillings.

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DEPARTMENT EDITOR ..... MRS. WILLIAM KENT

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL LETTER

This year it was the turn of Tower Hill to play host to the Sixth Wisconsin Battery, which held its Annual Reunion Thursday and Friday, September 14 and 15. During Thursday, veterans arrived form Richland Center, Baraboo, Lodi, Spring Green, Prairie du Sac, Twin Bluffs and other neighboring towns. Thursday evening was given to the Camp Fire, which might have been held in the open as camp fires were wont to be held in Dixie Land fifty years ago, but for the combination of dampness following the downpour of the preceding night and the rheumatic bones and gray hairs, assets of which the veterans love to boast and make capital for dramatic uses. It was therefore deemed best to hold the Camp Fire inside Emerson Pavilion, where comfortable chairs did their prosaic best to fill the place of the erstwhile damp and chilly ground, where such festivities were wont to be held fifty years ago. As for the fire, it was not quite cold enough for that, and they who had innocently supposed a fire to be a necessary element of a camp fire, found themselves mistaken, for, though the fire of coals was lacking, the story-telling fervor was at its best. For two hours we listened to tales of the camp, stories of humor and pathos, of boyish fun, grim hardship and self-denial, of sleeping on muddy fields wrapped in blankets rain-soaked or snow-covered, of feasts on mouldy crackers, of foes dodged, of escapes and the guard-house, of "Jay-hawking" and its sometime reward, of defeats and victories, of comrades left on southern battlefields, of farewells, and the home coming in '65. Anxieties and agonies enough for a lifetime were compressed into those four years, and yet in the Camp Fire glow there was no bitterness left and the scars of fifty years ago are grass-grown in memory, like the southern fields once torn by shot and shell. There may have been hatred years ago but it is all brotherhood now, and in this Army Brotherhood there are no lines; all are equal and they are all "boys" together, and know no names but those of the Camp. They are Griff Thomas, "Banty" Robinson, Jim Bailey, John Keller, the "champion Jay-hawker," "Jink" Jones and the rest, and will be to the end. The stories were interspersed with songs of the Camp led by the Battery Bugler, who sent us to bed with "taps" and awakened us in the morning with the reveille.

Other comrades and friends came in for the exercises of Friday. At 11 o'clock there was roll call, a roll which never grows shorter, though year by year there are fewer to answer to their names. The complete Battery consisted of one hundred and fifty-five men, but during the four years from '61 to '65 there were two hundred and forty-two names on the roll of the Sixth Wisconsin. These names were called and most of them accounted for, and eighteen comrades answered to their own. Thirty-six years ago when the Battery was organized for the first Reunion, it said it would meet every year until the last Comrade should be mustered out. The roll call was ended by a brief but tender Memorial service for those who have passed on during the year.

Dinner was spread on the lawn for everybody, about seventy-five in all, and if one could have been ubiquitous it would have been a dozen meetings at a time. As it was the waiters had the best of it, for it was theirs to pick up here and there such bits of history and philosophy as seldom get themselves uttered when people are "making remarks" in public. "Yes," said a grizzled farmer comrade, whose appearance would never convict him of imagination or sentiment, "if there was a Confederate here today, he'd be our guest, he'd be our guest." And so indeed he would.

In the afternoon there were addresses by Representatives John M. Nelson, of Madison and Arthur M. Kopp, of Platteville, men in the thick of the political fight, but who had been told they must eschew politics for this occasion. They did as they were bid, keeping far from the politics of spoils and partisanship, but speaking in no uncertain voice of the eternal principles on which just government is founded. They brought the war down to date. They said the war of '61 to '65 was a war against "special privilege."

One phase of human slavery was indeed abolished in that war, but there are chains still clanking and slavery is still abroad. Relentless war must still be waged abainst tyranny and injustice of every kind.

The Rev. Wm. A. Leary, of Platteville, closed the meeting with a few brief but earnest words of similar import and the meeting closed with a benediction by Mr. A. J. Hood of Muscoda, a veteran of eighty-two, whose youthful figure and alertness throughout the meetings have been a joy to look upon. Long live the Sixth Wisconsin Battery! E. H. W.

Tower Hill, Wisconsin, Sept. 18, 1911.

A LETTER IN THE SYRACUSE POST-STANDARD

To the Editor:

Before I came to this country from Greece, I heard that this country is free, but I don't think so. It is free for the Americans, not for the shoe shiners. In this city are too many shoe shiners' stands, and the boys which work there—they work fifteen hours a day, and Sunday, and almost eighteen on Saturdays. They make only from $12 to $18 a month and board, but we don't have any good board any time to go to the church, not in school, and without them we won't be good citizens. They won't let us read newspapers, because they are afraid if we learn something we will quit, but we can't quit because we can't speak English, and we can't find another job. Now I don't mean the boys working in the barber shops. They make $10 to $18 a week, and they don't work as hard as we do. We wish to work as they do. We want the public and Mr. Mayor to cut our hours from fifteen to ten, not Sundays, because we want time for school, and weekly work, not monthly. I think I wrote enough. *George Manos.*

Syracuse, May 4.

The Rev. E. A. Horton, for many years the efficient president of the National Unitarian Sunday-school Society with headquarters at Boston, sails this week for Europe, to be gone for the winter. He goes in quest of "health, ideas and a fresh start." We know no man who has less occasion to go abroad in search of ideas, but he has won the right to a rest and we hope his release from the engrossments of Boston will bring him the renewal that he deserves. He has been on the "firing line" a long while, always with his face to the front. UNITY'S good wishes go with him.

FORWARD

It is a time of swell and flood;
We linger on the strand,
And all that might to us bring good
Lies in a distant land.

Oh, forward! forward! why stand still?
The tide will not run dry;
Who in the flood ne'er venture will,
That land shall never spy.

—From the German of Hoffman von Fallersleben.

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HEALTH BULLETIN

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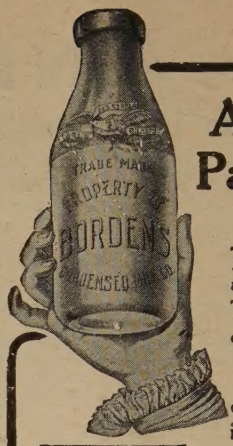

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